again to be worn would be more alarming if

truer. There is not much chance that women

will insist on wearing these gowns that, even under the most favorable conditions, are not

wonderfully beautiful, and as a rule are pain-

fully ugly. Painting on satin-satin is the

generally-chosen material-has a botchy look,

Big-brimmed hats made of shirred muslin are

most picturesque ones for little girls. They

can be bought at reasonable prices or made up

and on other materials it is almost as bad.

at home over the wire frames.



Some valuable horses had been stolen in Ar-

fern, a brave young Cherokee, and a posse of

daring Indian officers, had followed the trail of

Acting on Harry Redfern's advice the little

party of officers encamped in the Sans Bois.

have gone home had not Redfern prevailed

"Don't hurry," he had said. "We're just

very thing we've been looking for-the horse-

So they remained. The officers had been

Mrs. Berry had been a widow when Ben

niece. Both women were Cherokees, and,

though poor, had received fair educations in

ing influences which had early surrounded

them, and it was amid their better surround-

again thrown him in the vicinity of her whom

he loved, but whom circumstances had pre-

them to be, her old friends never knew it.

from her lips. She and Eoline lived an isolated

existence. They neither visited nor received

As briefly as he could, Nat related to Berry

selves, they had accepted his offer.

critters, I was ther very chap ter sarve 'em.'

an expression of strong inward satisfaction.

movements o' ther gang;" and Nat Black gave

voice to a low, sardonic laugh that made the

listening girl over his head shudder. Erbout

Fork. I'll guide him an' his men from thar

up inter thar mountains, inter ther narrer

passes ter Dead Man's Cliff. Ther boys air

posted an' ready for 'em. Ther ambush must

be done up quick an' slick, as soon as I gin ther

tussle of it in ther pass, so every last hooter o'

take yer Winchester an' mosey over ter ther

"All right," returned Berry, knocking the

"But we-uns hain't been bidin' our time up

hyer, like tremblin' rabbits in ther bresh, fur

bout to be offered. Naw, sir!

cliff, and help we-uns put Redfern and com-

had been made ter order."

chuckled Berry.

thieves' den-before we know it."

strength of his manly character.

beautiful face and starry eyes.

With dauntless persistency, the young Chero-

a smoldering log on mountains to track the gang to its strong-

with them to wait.

frightened bird nestled | give an account of his movements since their in a secluded niche. last meeting. Ever and anon the lightning flashed vividly before the mis- | owners of the stolen property, with Harry Rederable windows, fitfully illuminating the dingy interior, where a half- | the horse thieves to the Sans Bois. Here all Iudian sat trace suddenly ceased. It was impossible for stolidly smoking before | those unfamiliar with the wild, intricate

the fireplace. He was a middle-aged man, and possessed the dull black eyes and heavy countenance kee turned spy, but with no success. Days characteristic of many of the male citizens of Indian Territory. Near their master's huge | gave evidence of yielding to despair, and would

feet two lank, gaunt hounds slept lazily. Ben Berry had that air of indolence and stolidity often found in Indian character. His face, however, just now betrayed a degree of | beginning to learn the ins and outs of the Sans expectancy which the tempest's fury had been | Bois, and who knows we may stumble onto the inadequate to subdue.

"Sime Jarvis 'lowed I could sure look fur Nat ter night," he muttered to himself, in the dialect used by the partly-educated Indians of | several times up to Berry's little cabin, from the Sans Bois. "I be plumb afeard ther rain | their camp a mile down the bayou. Harry will keep him from comin'. An' wot er night | Redfern had an acquaintance with Mrs. Berry fur sech er job!"

heavily to the door, swung it | Sans Bois, and being open, and tried to pierce the damp darkness hunted them up. that en wrapped the mountains. A fierce gust Mrs. Berry ha swept a sheet of rain into his face and upon | Berry married her. Eoline was her orphan the uneven floor, causing the hounds to start

He closed the door with an oath, and tossed a fresh log on the fireplace before resuming his | Their natures had yielded readily to the refin-

Scarcely had he reseated himself when his quick hearing caught a sound foreign to the ings that Harry Redfern, who belonged to one drip, drip of the rain outside. It was a man's of the best Cherokee families, had first become heavy boots striking the hard, rocky trail lead- acquainted with them. ing up to the cabin. "It be Nat!" he cried, springing up and

hurrying to the door to admit the expected vis- that the young fellow understood his own itor drenched with rain. "I'd erbout gin up lookin' fur yer, Nat,"

greeted Berry. "It is so all-fired down-pourin'. "I 'low I'm done soaked ter ther bone," replied Nat Black, moving rapidly toward the fireplace, and leaving a wet trail. "But I was Ben Berry took a long stick of wood and

stirred the fire, making the ruddy flames leap upward and embrace the new log which he had

The hounds got up and sniffed at the new comer's wet legs, as he hurriedly removed his dripping hat and coat, which he put on the back of a rustic chair before the blaze. Satisfied of the identity of their old acquaintance, the dogs went back to their corner, while Nat stationed himself where his clothes might drip on the large flat stones before the fireplace.

Nat Black was what is called among the Indians "a quarter-blood," being three-fourths | and his friends had presented themselves. white and one-fourth Choctaw.

A person unacquainted with the various types of "mixed bloods" in Indian Territory | toward hospitality, though in his wicked heart would never have guessed from Nat's personal appearance that a drop of Choctaw blood coursed through his veins.

He was small, thin, and active looking, with pale yellow hair and light mustache. At first sight he would have been called handsome, but the small dark eyes and peculiar mouth re- cers' camp on the bayou and come up to the vealed a restless nature and one of deep cun-

"Waal, wot report, Nat?" asked Berry, in a

cautious tone, scanning the young man's face, as he brushed the dripping yellow locks back from the narrow, retreating forehead.

Nat glauced balf apprehensively toward the rude ladder which, placed in one corner of the cabin, ascended to the little low loft above, where the family slept.

"Be yer wife an' Eoline soun' asleep?" he For answer Berry arose in his heavy, un-

graceful way and climbed as quietly as his the sturdy invaders of their fastnesses. bulky form would permit up the ladder. Waiting on the top round of the ladder until the lightning came again to illuminate the interior of the loft, he looked swiftly and search- around the wild cliffs and rocky ledges of the

ingly around him. Satisfied that his wife was | Sans Bois, asleep on the bed in one corner, he turned his eyes toward the pallet in another. A broad flash of lightning revealed for a moment a beautiful face, framed in a wreath of reward, to guide Redfern and his posse to the resting on plump, flushed cheeks, which testified to the perfect health of young womanhood.

So Eoline Starr appeared to Ben Berry, as he and, after a short consultation among themgazed for a second on the fair sleeping face, pressed against the pillow of her rude pallet. Descending the ladder, he approached Nat and said with a smile: "Drive ahead, Nat. Thar both soun' asleep." Berry's words were no sooner uttered than | nibbled quicker'n I gin 'em credit fur. But

Ecline's dark eyes opened wide. She leaned over the side of her couch, and pressed her keen eyes near to the rough, uneven flooring. The | so cautious erbout employin' me as guide. I log was burning brightly on the fireplace, and | could see the others put great confidence in his | cold brow. lighted up the room below, causing grotesque | jedgment. shadows to dance ungainly measures in the re-

matter to watch the two men before the

Not a movement of theirs escaped her, and by straining her ears she could catch most of the words of their low conversation. "Something wrong is brewing to-night," she

gaid to herself. "I have been troubled all the week. Nat Black is capable of any crime, in his cunning, sly way. He has come through | git off from ther officers' camp without creatin' this storm for no good. It is to get Berry to suspicions?" help the gang in some dark work. What if it has something to do with Harry Redfern!" At thought of that name her cheeks took on a flush which the darkness of the loft con-

"Waal," Nat remarked, "it's safe to be keerful. It's not good ter let women folks hear sech business as our'n, specially Eoline. She | midnight I'm ter meet 'Capt. Redfern', as ther sees things plumb different from we'uns, men call him, down at ther bend o' Roarin' Eoline does, an' bein' no kin o' your'n, Ben, an' bein' a ole friend o' Hank Redfern's, that Cherokee Dep'ty, she might up and blab on us if she'd overhear we'uns. Ther critters air safe hid up Rocky Bayou, but ter-night we'zas have got ter rid ther Sans Bois o' them prowiin' signal. They might gin we-uns a plumb hard

"Thet's wot's got ter be done," approved the gang must be thar. I 'lowed you could " It's gittin' too hot fur ther gang sence Hank on the other side. "Ef that Cherokee Dep'ty | kin report ter Mose." kin be got outen our way, ther gang kin ca-

Redfern kem down from Tablequah," proceeded | pany over them rocks up thar. Mose Dibbs is Nat, turning his steaming coat around to dry | in command o' the east end o' ther pass. You voort agin in these hyer mountains as they durn please, without any fears from them skulkin houn's o' ther law. Ef I kin only git o' them prowlin houn's o' ther law, we-uns Redfern ter Dead Man's Cliff once Tahlequah | naterally deserve ter be flung over Dead Man's will never see him agin. Then I'd be free ter | Cliff ourselves. win Eoline; an', Berry, you'uns have got ter gin ther gal ter me, or I swear I'll turn ther gang plumb agin yer;" and he muttered some | ten days or more, ter go an' fail now ther threat, inaudible to the girl crouching on the | chance we-uns have been a-hungerin' fur is erfloor above them.

"Yer needn't git huffy, Nat," answered Berry. "I reckon if we'uns kin red ther Sans Bois 'o Hank Redfern, Eoline will take yer

"Naw, they musn't be let to s'picion yer none, er ther game's up," agreed Berry, taking his Winchester from above the door and making rapid preparations to accompany Nat. Anxiously Eoline watched the men as they hastily equipped themselves for their work. A thrill of relief filled her heart when at last they quit the cabin and went out into the night

camp, an' I don't want them officers ter 'spicion

and storm. "Fitting night for such a deed," murmured the girl, springing to her feet. "God give me strength and I will go and warn Harry Redfern of his danger, even if my life is the forfeit. My poor aunt's fears are realities. Ben Berry is, as we've lately suspected, connected with the gang. I'll not wake her," she said, looking toward her aunt's bed, as she noiselessly descended the ladder.

One moment she paused before the hearth to slip on her shoes, then snatching up an old shawl, in which she enveloped head and shoulders, she let herself quietly out of the cabin and ran swiftly down a path along the ridreside.

"At the bend on Roaring Fork, Nat said," she repeated to herself. "I know the place, and, God helping me, I will frustrate that villain's scheme.'

She knew the men had taken a path in an pposite direction, so she felt no fears of meet-

The storm had spent its fury in the Sans Bois, but far away to the northeast a dark, trailing cloud continued to emit flashes of zigzag lightning. The wet bushes and vines along the little, unused path caught in the girl's garments, drenching her to the skin. Twice she stumbled in hurrying across a dangerous ledgy place, where she might have fallen over 100 feet into a wild, rocky gorge below. But she scrambled to her feet again, and with her undaunted Cherokee spirit fully

aroused to combat with darkness and obstacles, she groped her way down the rough slopes. The wild path was rendered tenfold more perilous by the intense darkness, but Eoline kansas and run off into Indian Territory. The had chosen that way because it shortened the distance to Roaring Fork, a deep, treacherous mountain stream. She believed it must be approaching mid-

night, so quickened her pace as much as possible over the rocky slopes. Before she reached the gorge she could hear the sullen roar of the water, and she knew the heavy rain had turned Roaring Fork into an angry torrent.

The trail by which Redfern and his men would come to join the false guide at the bend in the stream, a quarter of a mile below, was on passed. Their search was fruitless. The others the opposite side.

The steep cliffs would prevent her reaching the bend on that side. There was only one way of reaching it from that point, and that was by crossing Roaring Fork somewhere this side of the cliffs.

How was she to cross that torrent? She stood for a moment on the bank irresolute and worried, watching the dark, turbulent current as it rushed and roared down the narrow

It seemed to mock her mission and sinisterly gurgled that she had braved the dangers of the and Eoline, antedating their settlement in the mountain path across the ledges only to be baffled at last. Then its hoarse voice seemed to tell her that the officers had already met their false guide at the bend, and were going on to their doom.

The stream was surely in league with demons, she thought, and she tightened the the public schools supported by their Nation. shawl about her head to dull the hideous sounds, which filled her with fresh terrors. Was she too late to checkmate Nat Black's game? She would at least make a great effort to cross the torrent and go on to the bend. Braving danger was better than enduring sus-

It was not until after Eoline had gone with Just below where Eoline had paused a giant her aunt to their new home in the Sans Bois tree had been prostrated by the storm and had fallen almost across the stream. heart-that he loved the girl with all the On this natural but perilous bridge the girl started to cross; but her movements, quick and It was a singular coincidence which had light as they were, assisted the powerful cur-

rent to detach the fallen tree from its frail sup-

port against the bank, and before she could clearly realize her awful situation she was being vented his seeing since she had taken up her residence in the Sans Bois, six months before. swept rapidly down Roaring Fork. If Mrs. Berry had been deceived in her second marriage, she made no complaint. She "All ready!" announced the voice of Nat had wanted a home and some one to look after herself and niece. She had married too hastily, Black, coming up to Redfern and his men, who she now saw, but that was too late to help. If were waiting at the bend. "Hold!" cried Redfern suddenly, "What her home and husband were not all she wished

is that sound I hear up the creek? It is surely a cry of some one." "Naw, it's only a panther callin' up Roarin' Fork," returned Nat Black impatiently. "Come erlong of yer be aimin' ter trap ther gang." But Redfern had called a halt, and as the

company such as they cared for. Except members of the mountain gang, with which Berry had some secret connection, no persons had men paused to listen, a cry for help came even called on the lonely women until Redfern faintly to their ears above the sullen roaring of To divert suspicion from himself, Ben Berry the stream. had bestirred his stolid self to make an effort "It's some one in the creek, calling for help,"

said Redfern, hurrying forward in the direc-

he would have rejoiced to see the last of his tion of the sounds. self-invited guests lying crushed and shapeless By aid of a dark-lantern which he carried. on the sharp rocks below Dead Man's Cliff. He Redfern revealed a large drift collected just did not, however, withhold his welcome from where the creek made an abrupt bend. the young Deputy Sheriff, whenever he chose, "It's a woman caught in the drift between which was nearly every day, to leave the offitwo logs," he shouted to the men as they reached his side. "She must have been swept away by

cabin to catch a glimpse, if no more, of Eoline's this stream. Here, Granger, hold the light steady for me; I'm going out to her." Nat Black, from his hidden retreats in the Cautiously and q\_ickly as possible Redfern mountains, had watched with jealous eyes the made his way over the treacherous drift. frequent meetings between Eoline and Red-The prisoner between the logs saw the man fern. He chafed not a little because of the coming toward her, and forgot her own great danger in fearing for him. If he should lose juxtaposition of the officers, which placed a

heavy restraint on his own movements and on hold and slip down into one of the many the coming and going of the entire gang. At seething holes in the drift, rescue would be last he had matured a bold resolve to sweep his | impossible. rival from his path forever, and, at the same Bravely he made his way over half-submerged logs that sought to deny him a foottime, secure the safety of his allies in lawlessness from the danger which menaced them in hold, tearing through vines and scraggy bushes,

uprooted by the torrent and cast upon the It was to this plot that Eoline listened, crouching so white and quiet on the floor of the loft. On he went until he gained the woman's side. while the storm continued to beat vengefully He took a long breath, for his exertions had rendered him almost breathless; then he stooped and spoke in her ear:

"Put your arms around my waist and cling how he had that morning entered the officers' firmly, and I will loosen you.' camp down the bayou, and offered, for a liberal Not until he had drawn her from between the logs did Redfern pause to look into the face soft, dark hair, and with dark silken lashes secret rendezvous of the gang. His disguise as of her whom he had rescued. In pulling her a cowboy, coupled with his plausible speech, out of her uncomfortable prison, the shawl was had led the officers to place faith in the fellow, wrenched away, and Eoline Starr's white face looked up into his.

> "You've played 'em plumb fine, Nat," throwing his arms around her wet, shivering "Didn't I though!" returned Nat, grinning "To warn you of danger, Harry," she an-

"Eoline! How came you here?" he asked.

over his own cunning. "Them blamed officers | swered. He did not then ask her what danger threatthat durn Redfern nigh spiled my game; he ened him. Every other consideration was asked so all-fired many questions, and seemed swallowed up in the joy of holding Eoline against his heart and pressing his lips to her One moment they stood thus, while the cur-

"But ther owners o' ther hosses argied that rent of Roaring Fork rushed and roared my bein' a cowboy an' used ter cavoortin' beneath their feet. Then he lifted the girl, Peering through one of the cracks in the eround these hyer mountains, huntin' strayed and bore her in his arms slowly, carefully "When yer goin' to lead them inter ther trap, would have been fatal. Nat?" asked Berry, his dull eyes lighting with Nat Black remained, like a sneaking cur, in the rear of the little group waiting on the "Ter-night. An' hain't it er splendid night bank to assist their leader. He was impatient

fur er job o' that kind up thar on Dead Man's at the strange interruption, but when Redfern Cliff? It couldn't er pleased me better if it reached the shore in safety with his burden. curiosity moved him to make his way toward "That's wot! But wot excuse did yer gin ter the men to see what kind of person it was who had been taken from the drift. He stopped short, became rooted to the spot "I told 'em I had ter ride back ter ther in overwhelming surprise, as he recognized in ranch an' report ter my boss. They think this | the dripping, half-drowned creature, who invery minute I'm lyin' up thar ermongst ther stantly began to denounce him, Eoline Starr. cliffs in ther Sans Bois, keepin' a eye on ther

When he did recover his presence of mind, it

was too late to resist arrest. He had been

checkmated by the very girl he had hoped to It was Eoline who piloted Redfern and his men to the mountain pass where the outlaws lay in ambush. Nat captured, how were they to know that the winning cards were all in the hands of the enemy they were waiting up among the rocks to sweep from their path. Stationing men at both entrances to the narrow pass, the escape of the robbers was made

impossible. Next day the capture of the entire

gang was effected, with the single exception of

Ben Berry, who leaped boldly over Dead Man's Cliff. The fastnesses of the Sans Bois gave up much stolen property in the line of fine horses taken from various places. In the trial given the outlaws at Fort Smith, justice was fully measured out to them. Nat Black, however, after seven months in prison, managed to make an escape. Report asserts that the mountains have received him back into their wilderness. But Redfern and Eoline in their happy home near Talequah are not disturbed by the memory of the Sans Bois' dark crimes.

You will have to pay \$2 per 100 for ordinary G. A. R. cards, but THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will furnish you 100 with a fine picture of yourself on each far only \$3. See advertisement in another column.

trated.

RECENT LITERATURE.

HARRISON AND REID, THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN BOOK. Edited by Thomas Campbell-Copeland. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. Price, in cloth, \$2.50. Usually at the time of National elections the country is flooded with editions of the lives of the candidates, written in the most glowing terms, without much regard for truth. The

election of 1892 is to be a battle of principles rather than of men, and as the leaders of both parties have been occupants of the Presidential chair, their personalities are well known to the public. What is necessary to the voter, therefore, is to be intelligent on the principles of his party. In this encyclopedia of Republican politics the conditions of the party, past and present, are comprehensively laid before After short sketches of Harrison and Reid.

among others the following questions are discussed: Recent pension legislation; the Bering Sea controversy; the silver question; the Chilean trouble; gerrymandering; the Mc-Kinley bill, and Blaine's reciprocity measures. The volume, without doubt, is the best campaign book ever issued. A HISTORY OF THE 11TH N. H. By Leander W. Cogswell, Henniker, N. H. For sale by the

This is as fine a regimental history as has been laid before us in a long while. The solid, substantial, neat appearance of its binding is in its favor at first sight, and a glance through its pages at the large print, fine paper, and numer-ous well-executed maps and portraits, shows the care with which the work has been prepared. The work is ready, after years of hard labor on the part of its writer. Particular attention is called to the roster of officers and men connected with the regiment; it has required a vast amount of patience and diligent searching to make it what it is-the most complete roster of any regiment of the State of New Hampshire; the postoffice addresses are of the latest date. There is an excellent diagram of the battlefield of Fredericksburg, upon which the regiment received its baptism of blood,

and behaved with extraordinary gallantry, drawn by a memier of the rebel battery that made such havoc in the ranks of the 11th at that time; and also of the brilliant assault at the Shand House. There is a fine engraving of the old battleflags under which the regiment fought so bravely. The narrative covers the entire service, and with its interesting scenes of army life and graphic details of battles, skirmishes, sieges, marches and hardships, it will prove a valuable addition to the war library of the general reader, and especially should every member of the regiment have it. THE SABBATH FOR MAN. With Special Ref-

wilbur F. Crafts. Published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York City. Price \$1.50. In the seven years since this book was first issued so much has been said and done for and against the Sabbath, that it has seemed desirable to make extensive additions to this practical handbook of Sabbath reform. The book aims chiefly at practical results-the suppres sion of Sunday work and Sunday dissipation, Sunday mails, Sunday trains, Sunday newspapers, Sunday saloons; but it also discusses

A VOLUME OF POEMS. By Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly. Published by Joseph George Cupples, Boston

Mrs. Kelly was a resident of the South during a greater part of the war, and shared in the privations and hardships that fell to the lot of those who lived within the lines of either of the contending armies. A unique feature of-her volume is a collection of "War Waifs," written largely from her own experience and personal observation. Several of these have been read on occasions of military Reunions, and have been received with hearty enthusiasm by the veterans who took part in the scenes which she so graphically portrays. Among other features are Idyls of the Sea, which productions have been pronounced; all of them. fine, possessing much grace, beauty and dignity. A poem on the Passion Play, embodying the author's impressions of the scene at Oberammergau, is especially attractive. Altogether the volume stands forth distinctly and apart from the great mass of books of verse.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. Vol. IX. Round to Swansea. Published by J. B. Lippinbott Co., Philadelphia. Price \$3. The new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia s rapidly nearing completion, and with the advent of one more volume this standard reference book will be at the command of all who are desirous of procuring a most accurate, convenient, and useful book of information. Among the more important articles in this number are San Francisco, St. Louis, St. Paul, Scandinavian Mythology, Sir Walter Scott, Sewage, Sewing Machine, Shakers, Shakspere, Shelley, Sheridan, Sherman, Ship-building, Silk, Silver, Slang, Soda, South Carolina, Spain, Sugar, and Spiritualism. The maps of this number include Russia, Scotland, South Australia, Spain, and South Carolina, prepared according to the latest geographical surveys. The articles are well up to date, and a large number of entirely new subjects are introduced. The illustrations are incomparably the best ever issued in a work of this character.

GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE. A Novel. By the Marquise Clara Lanza. Illustrated. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price 50 cents. FROM SCHOOL-ROOM TO BAR, A Novel. By W. H. W. Moran. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, and for sale at Brentano's,

THE BLACK TULIP. A Novel. By Alexandre Dumas. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Price 25 cents. Magazines and Notes.

Table Talk for July devotes itself to saving women work and fatigue by directing how to make hot-weather dishes which will be appetising, yet not involve work over the hot stove. Published at 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price 10 cents.

Contents of the Arena for July: M. French-Sheldon; Julia Marlowe; Women in the Alliance Movement; The Land of Social Contrasts. or a Briton's Impressions of America; In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism; Why the Democrats Should Elect the Next President, by Hon. William M. Springer; Why the People's Party Should Elect the Next President, by Hon, Thos. E. Watson; Why the Republican Party Should Elect the Next President, by Hon. J. C. Burrows; Hypnotism and Mental Suggestion; Confessions of a Theologian; The Descent from Eden; The Basis of Money; The World's Religions at the World's Fair. Pub-

lished at Boston, Mass. Price 50 cents. Our Little Men and Women for July has a very suggestive Fourth of July story and poem, a pretty and suggestive story for vacations for poor children, a charming bit of travel in India, with rhymes and jingles that boys and girls delight to read. Its serials this month are especially good, its pictures altogether pretty and instructive. Price \$1 a year: 10 cents: number. D. Lothrop Co., Publishers, Boston. Babyland for July opens with a handsome frontispiece, A Summer Morning, and continues, with its pretty stories and bright bits of verse and rhyme, through as delightful a number as the babies could wish. This dainty little magazine always has the babies' interests at heart, and stands without a rival in its especial field of labor. Price 50 cents a year; 5 cents a number. D. Lothrop Co., Publishers,

Pansy for July is an exceptionally good number. The paper on American history concerns itself with the town of Buffalo, N. Y., and its English Literature Paper is taken up with the life and works of Charles Dickens. There are short stories appropriate to the month, and articles descriptive of foreign manners and customs, with the usual number of sketches, poems, and the like. Pausy and Margaret Sidney furnish each an especially bright and telling chapter in their regular sorial stories. The P. S. and All Along the Line will be eagerly looked for by all young Christian Endeavorers, for their interests are well considered. Price \$1 a year; 10 cents a number. D. Lothrop Co., Publishers, Boston.

Outing for July fully sustains the great reputation of that excellent magazine of healthful sport and pastime. Text as refreshing as wood and shades, and illustrations as bright as sparkling waters, occupy 96 pages, and make the special Summer number a particularly attractive one. Some of the contents are: A Plea for the House-boat, by C. L. Norton, illustrated; From the German Ocean to the Black Sea (continued). Thos. Stevens: Saddle and Sentiment (continued), Wenona Gilman, illustrated by Stull and Watson; Trouting with a Camera, by "Multiplier"; Shot-putting, Malcolm W. Ford, illustrated; Woodcock-shooting on the Upper Mississippi, T. S. Van Dyke; Pickerel-fishing in South Jersey, John Gifford, illustrated; The Oar in the Northwest, H. W. Wack, illustrated; Harry's Career at Yale (continued), John Seymour Wood; The Military Schools of the United States, Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U.S. A., illus-



The old saying, "A woman's work is never done," is so often quoted carelessly, that one forgets that for some women it has a sad earnestness. For them life means only monotony, drudgery and worry. In lines to "A Hardworking Woman," Albert Bigelow Paine has than one where the mattress is in one heavy, locks and drawn away clumsy piec .. well brought out the simple pathos of her life:

All day she hurried to get through, The same as lots of wimmin do; Sometimes at night her husban' said, "Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?" An' then she'd kinder give a hitch An' pause half way between a stitch. An' sorter sigh an' say that she Was ready as she'd ever be,

She reckoned. An' so the years went, one by one, An' somehow she was never done; An' when the angel said, as how "Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now," She sorter raised her eyes to look A second, as a stitch she took: "All right, I'm comin' now," says she, "I'm ready as I'll ever be, I reckon."

It is a good idea to have mattresses in two pieces, one square and the other made to fit

Strawberries and coffee is said to be one of the best food combinations known.

A dish or pan of water in the oven with cakes will keep them from scorching.

Some one has suggested the performance of various small duties while curling the hair. The room can be s raightened up and letters | French twist and fastwritten while holding the tongs and much time saved. Usually the hair-curling process

To have the hair parted down the middle the remaining space. This arrangement saves and loosely waved on either side is the favorite wear on any special place and the bed never | way of dressing it now. The bangs are either looks lumpy. Then, it is more easily made up caught in with the side a little from the forehead, or only a very narrow fringe is worn. The hair is curled softly, not frizzed. If one has but little hair a pretty way to fix it is as in the picture, parted

down the middle and waved, then fluffed out / with the comb, given a

ened just at the top of the head with a stiff little bow thrust in. The bow need not be is either so absorbing that no thought can be quite so tall as shown. For one who has given to more earthly matters, or else it is heavy tresses, it is a prettier fashion to braid done so hurriedly that there is not the oppor. them before coiling. Comb the hair up from tunity. However, the hair stays in curl ever the neck, and start the braid about the middle of the head or even higher. Fasten the endloose hair from the comb makes the best fastening for braid ends-and begin the coil. Bring the braid down from the starting point to the neck, curving it out a little, then take it up again, with another outward curve, to the top. Coil it around as many times as it will go, fastening it all along the way. Be careful that your coil does not either lay too flat against the head nor bulge out too much. If the braid be thin it is a good plan to plait it loosely and then fluff the strands out with the fingers or the comb. Fasten it lightly but securely and the effect will be much prettier than if the tight braid were coiled. . .

It is said that the reason borax is used against roaches is that it burns their feet; therefore they avoid it. The reason that it is so often ineffective is that it is used in too small quantities. Buy three or four pounds instead of five cents' worth and then sprinkle it freely on the shelves and floors of the pantries and down

Red is, as a rule, too warm a color to wear extensively these warm days. It is only at cool places on cool days that it is pleasing to the eye to see an entire red costume. Red shoes and stockings are favorites, and justly so; red sashes and ties as well as red hats are picturesque and pleasing. If, however, one insists on an entire red dress, one had better make it up with a white vest and white ruffles. The coat can have an edging ruffle of heavy ecru lace, and the full short sleeves can be finished in the same way. The full front of white would be pretty either finished up in a high straight collar or with the neck slightly cut out. The skirt for this costume is prettier either perfectly plain or with a simple bias band of the red goods around the bottom. Ruffles do not become it.

It is unwise to wash windows on a sunshing day. They are apt to dry off before they can be polished, which results in streaks. Also it is wiser by far to wash the inside of the window first, and to dust off the frames before beginning. A sponge is a good thing to use in rinsing off the windows, and soft paper and chamois for polishing them. But if the kitchen windows have any grease about them, and they probably will have, the chamois ought not to be used on them, as it makes the soft skin unfit for further use to get it greasy. A small stick with a pointed end around which a cloth has been fastened, is handy to clean out the corners and crevices,



cheap cotton goods and be very pretty. The daintiness of the gown is brought out by the lace-edged ruffles. A wide one with a heading is sewed around over the shoulders in a sort of short round yoke arrangement. The sleeves are made to extend only to the elbow-as is the fashion nowadays-and are edged with a ruffle of the material and lace edging. The soft sash can be replaced by a long ribbon tying in the back, or with any of the pretty belt or sash fancies. The yoke can be made of plain white goods, of lace, or of the striped stuff. Embroidery also would be pretty used for trimming.

... It is a wonder that more women do not take up the study of botany than do. It is a graceful study, and not expensive to pursue. All the things necessary are a text-book and a magnifying glass. The glass can be bought for 50 cents, for \$3, or for almost any price between or above. After the terms and system of classification are understood, it is not a difficult matter to identify almost all of the plants and trees in the neighborhood, and the ones that are not easily understood are only more interesting. Come to think of it, one really ought to know the names of the commoner plants, at

least. After a woman's children have grown to be less of a responsibility and care on her hands she has time to devote to some special pursuit." Many take up art work with indifferent results, satisfactory neither to themselves nor to their friends. Others find some particularly congenial study and find pleasure in their hobbies

ELSIE POMEROY MCELEOY.

HER PRETTIEST GOWN.

The gown in the cut has jacket, deep cuffs, | so much better if held in the irons a few minand skirt of plain material, and a full waist of the figured. The waist is made over a fitted lining. The back is plain. The graceful front is made by putting the lining fronts down on a piece of the goods large enough not to have any seam down the middle. Extra folds are fastened in at the top of the shoulder seam, and then the neck and armholes are curved out to fit the lining. The extra fulness is gathered | pens to be handy, and then let them stay on it to fit the figure at the waist. The collar is the board until dry. The stretching keeps a straight one but fastens at one side. The them from wrinkling and does away with front too fastens along the shoulder seam and ironing, and ironing is particularly hard on down one side with concealed hooks and eyes. | silks. The silk sash is tied in front with a soft bow. The sleeves are full and caught up in pretty folds. The deep cuffs are finished at the wrists with buttons and a narrow fold of the light material. The little jacket is made with a deep slash down the back. The coat is short enough to show the sash and part of the waist. The plain skirt has a little footing that can be lawyer, and has many friends among the of silk or a fluted ribbon to match the plain material. The skirt is fitted very gracefully. and most decidedly feminine looking, if she be

The gown in the cut is made of tan cloth with | a lawyer.

THE WAY IT IS MADE IN THE BACK. cream-colored silk flowered with little brown flowers. The sash just matches the figure. The hat is a tan straw trimmed with many pink roses. A flat bow and one of the rosy flowers is caught under the brim, next the

White cloth or white suede shoes or gloves can be nicely cleaned with pipe-clay; it can be bought of any druggist. In cleaning the shoes use it dry, rubbing it in well with an old toothbrush. Rub with the grain of the kid to avoid roughening it. Spare neither the pipe-clay nor vigorous rubbing, and your shoes will come out beautifully clean. In cleaning cloth it is better to moisten the pipe-clay and apply. Brush off, using plenty of clear water, and, although the effect is not good while the cloth is wet, yet it will dry nicely and be clean.

You can tell whether a bed be damp or no by holding a mirror between the sheets. If it have in the closet. Another good rule is to keep the hobby, one that takes one out-doors and closer a film over it when you draw it out, then the | window-sills clean, and not pile things all over | to that great creation—the Earth. sheets are not dry.

utes longer than is absolutely needed for curling it. So this plan might result advantageously for the curls as well as for the work.

A good way to clean ribbons is to pin or fasten them in some way to a board, stretching them tightly. Sponge carefully with gasoline or benzine, whatever cleaning material hap-

Heavy black satin ties are worn by swell girls with their shirtwaists.

The People's Party in Montana has nominated a woman for State Attorney-General. Miss Knowles, the candidate, is a successful miners of her State. She is pretty, slender,

Vegetables can be served up in salads, and are more appetizing for warm days than when hot. The dressings for salad are many, but every housekeeper varies them a little to suit the wishes of her particular family, who may like more or less mustard, little or no pepper or oil. The dressings given can be used as foundations; and, besides these, there is the regular Mayonnaise, for which a recipe was given in the "Better Half" columns some time ago.

Potato salad is made of potatoes boiled and sliced up thinly, with perhaps a few onions, and some people add cold sliced beets. Pour over this either the regular Mayonnaise or a dressing made by mixing together a teaspoonful of sugar and one of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard, and the same of black pepper, and then adding gradually one-half cup of sweet cream and two-thirds of a cup of vinegar.

Cabbage cut up finely and salted is good with a dressing consisting of two teaspoonfuls each of butter, sugar, flour, and mustard, one egg, and one cup of vinegar. After mixing these together let them come to a boil, and then pour over the cabbage.

A half teaspoonful of sugar in the gravy makes it brown nicely.

When making cucumber salad if a little, tiny scrap of the rind be left in it will give a pleasant flavor to the salad.

The "pone-bread" so much talked of and praised and remarked as peculiarly Southern, is made after a very simple recipe. The baking is said to be the part that gives it the characteristic sweetness. For a pint of fresh, sweet meal, a tablespoonful of salt, and enough water to make a stiff dough are used. The dough is worked until it is light, and then is molded into two "pones." These are put in a wellgreased pan, and then set in the oven. They are baked quickly at first until the crust is formed, and then slowly until they are done.

Ice cream, provided it be made of pure cream, is often allowed and prescribed by physicians in some cases where the cooling, and at the same time nourishing, food is needed.

It is a good plan to make a rule that soiled clothes are never to be allowed to accumulate as they will call them. Now botany is a dainty

"It be plumb time fur we-uns ter be rackin' out," announced Nat, putting on his steaming coat and hat. "They'll be spectin' me at ther Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.